

seeing them almost always together; and when Marian's gay laugh floated up from the lawn to my study, or when I heard both their voices singing some mellow air, I rejoiced in the thought that Marian was enjoying a pleasure which my society could not have afforded her.

It was one drowsy afternoon at this juncture, as I was sitting by my desk, that a timid rap on my door reached my ear. Bidding the applicant enter, I turned my head and discovered Maud. But her timidity seemed suddenly to vanish, and standing before me almost with the attitude and mien of a woman, she said, while her eyes flashed earnestly:

"It is high time, Mr. Mulgrave, that you were undeceived! You have been blind for these two weeks to what has been transpiring beneath your own roof! I have watched for you, and I bring you the certainty of that of which I have more than once assured you—that your wife does not love you—*nay, that she loves another!*"

"Girl!" I sternly exclaimed, "beware how you trifle with me! In heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"It is God's truth!" she cried, still more earnestly. "Gay Montgomery could tell you more than I, if he would—but you may be sure she is unfaithful and—"

As the dark meaning of the girl came home to my mind, I sprang to my feet, intensely excited, and confronted her; but strange to say, she did not shrink in the slightest before my indignant gaze and threatening mien.

"Go!" I hoarsely commanded, pointing to the door, and stamping my foot imperatively. "Go, ungrateful viper, and never let me see your face again! I could have indulged your fancies, extravagant as they have been, but this can never be forgiven! Go, depart from my sight, before I am tempted to trample you under foot!"

She obeyed without speaking. As she disappeared through the doorway, her face was turned for an instant towards me with an expression of wild, heart-broken grief, such as haunted me for days afterwards. A moment after she left me, I watched her from the window, as she flitted across the lawn, and lost herself to view among the trees. Strange, indeed, the influence which she had obtained over me; strange, that in a moment of fearful anger like this, I could still half regret her departure, final as I knew it must be!

A merry peal of laughter suddenly floated out from the drawing-room. The voices were those of Marian and Gay Montgomery. The sound, for once, jarred harshly upon my ears, although

I knew not why, and I quickly placed myself out of earshot.

I had been absent two days from the lodge, and with thoughts full of home and Marian, I was returning. It was pleasant to one whose life had been as lonely as mine had, to think there was a heart beating for me at home, and anxiously counting the hours of my absence. Home and wife! The words were coupled pleasantly in my mind, and in fancy I anticipated fondly the moment of my arrival. The first dusk of evening had passed, and the twilight was deepening into darkness when I arrived at the lodge. I could discover no light in any part of it; all seemed to be in shadow. Entering the hall, I called the name of Marian, first low, and then loudly. A servant appeared when I again repeated it.

"Where is your mistress?" I demanded.

"She is gone, sir. She went away this morning, in a carriage with Mr. Guy. Here is a note she bade me give you."

My heart throbbed painfully, as I took it and broke the seal, and the heart itself almost broke, as I read the contents. The note was brief and cruelly cold in its language. It merely announced that the writer was satisfied that she could never love me, and had therefore given her heart to another. A heartless farewell followed, and that was all! Stunned by the blow, the more crashing because unexpected, I sank down upon the floor, as one utterly bereft of sense. A lifetime of thought flashed through my brain in a moment. Maud was right; her wonderful perceptions had assisted her to the terrible discovery which my blind heart fatally rejected. And now all were gone, Maud, Marian, hope and honor, all departed, leaving nothing but disgrace!

My bitter thoughts must have found voice, for I heard the words "not all," faintly spoken from out the darkness of the opposite side of the room. Then a little hand was hesitatingly laid upon my shoulder, and a well known voice whispered falteringly in my ear:

"I knew she would go; I heard she had gone, and I wished to see you once more—only once! Forgive me, Mr. Mulgrave, and I will go and trouble you no more."

My arms tightened around the form of the dear child, and I answered, as she laid her cheek upon mine:

"You shall never leave me, little Maud, you shall stay always at the lodge, and be a blessing to my lonely life. Forgive me, Maud, for my cruel harshness—stay with me, I beseech you, for you are all that is left me now!"

Tears—great drops of grief and blighted love

rolled down my face as I spoke. And Maud, too, wept sympathizingly, and mingled her tears with mine; and as we sat thus together in the solemn darkness of the room, the ties which united the little waif to me were drawn closer still.

After five years of absence from home, I again turned my face towards it. My friends who met me abroad during these five years, told me that I had grown old rapidly—and as I saw the gray with which my hair was thickly sprinkled, I was forced to admit the truth of the remark. And there was that at my heart which should have made me old—deep-settled sorrow—but not guilt. No—for although Guy Montgomery, the perfidious friend, had fallen by my hand, in a duel, I could not bring myself to think that his retribution was unmerited, or myself an unfit avenger.

A host of old memories thronged upon my heart, as I placed my foot once more within the grounds of my estate at the lodge. They were sad and bitter ones, it is true, but I cared not to drive them forth. My future was all overcast with clouds. I was returning to a home of loneliness, uncheered by a single hope, and it mattered little what my thoughts might be.

The outer door of the lodge was partly ajar, and entering it, I passed into the parlor and seated myself. It was not until then that I became aware that I was not the only occupant of the apartment. Opposite me, but unconscious of my presence, were two persons—a young and beautiful lady, and a young man. The latter was kneeling upon one knee before the lady, and fervently declaring his love. She replied kindly but firmly, assuring him that her feelings towards him were only those of friendship. And it was not until the disappointed suitor passed from the room, that the lady discovered the presence of an involuntary witness of the scene. But the look of vexation upon her bright face quickly gave place to one of joy, as she saw me, and hastening towards me, she placed her hand upon my arm, and inquiringly pronounced my name. I, however, could only return her heartfelt welcome with a look of embarrassment.

"What! don't you know me?" she cried. "Not know Maud—your little Maud?"

Maud—was it possible? This beautiful, queenly creature the uncouth, elf-like Maud, whom I had left at the lodge five years before? Never was there a more marvellous change—and never, I thought, as I looked down into the luminous depths of those dreamy, soulful black eyes, had I seen beauty like this! •

The sight stirred the passion within my breast,

which had lain dormant for years, and seating myself upon the sofa by her side, I took her hand, as I had been wont to take that of the child Maud, and told her what lay nearest my heart. I quickly found that my control over her generous spirit was not gone, and as I proceeded, her mood changed with my words. Especially did her tears flow when I spoke of the death of Marian in a foreign hospital, wretched and outcast, and of the forgiveness which I extended to her in her dying moments. And when I spoke of the scene which I had just witnessed in this room, and asked, with fearfully pulsating heart, if it had been for me that this suitor had been rejected—and when, finally, Maud laid her head upon my shoulder, and faintly murmured that blessed word, yes—I felt that I might still live with a hope of happiness.

Dear reader, my story is simple, but O, how true! For here, by my side, even as I write, is Maud, my first and only love, and better still, my wife, beaming upon me from the liquid midnight of her eyes, all the unutterable love which she feels. Sweet Maud! I know she loves me no better now, than when she was a child—and yet it is a love that makes me holier and better day by day. Ah, there must be a divinity that shapes our ends! A kindly fate must have led me to the hedge side, upon that memorable day, six years ago, to find the sunbeam which now so faithfully lights up a life that would otherwise be dreary and darksome.

in letters of gold. Some men think it quite an affair, if they take care of some poverty-crushed being who is too nearly related to them to allow of desertion; but Carillo, from the age of seventeen, had maintained solely by his labor, the orphan children of a man, who, in his lifetime, had done him a positive injury. When this man died, he left two little daughters. Carillo placed them with a good old lady, with whom he had lived. He paid all their expenses from his small income, although by so doing he was obliged to sleep in his workroom, and eat his frugal meal of bread and cheese, moistened with water alone.

These girls had now arrived at an age when they could work for themselves, and Joseph thought it high time for him to be preparing for that future which he had long anticipated with Roma Bernal, when lo! the old lady who had taken care of the children, was smitten with a slow, lingering disease. She was alone in the world. Joseph recalled Enrica, the eldest girl, from her employment at the Florentine button manufactory, and charged her not to let the poor woman want for anything that would be acceptable to her, and he was to be responsible for all, besides making Enrica's remuneration precisely what she had received for her work at the manufactory. So our hero hoped and waited for better times and increased pay, but never for the old lady's death. He went to see her every evening, and talked to her as tenderly as though she were his mother. After a year had gone by, she died, blessing him with her latest breath. And then Joseph took her little home, in which he had long kept a room for his work, and begged Roma to share it with him. Roma had only demurred on the ground that she should be a burden upon him. He overruled her objections, by promising she should polish the stones he should cut, and thus support themselves by mutual labor.

The wedding was performed in the church of Santa Guiseppe, and the bridegroom and his pretty young bride took possession of the home which had been beautified by the products of Roma's ingenuity and skill. The floor of the principal room had been composed of blocks of wood of a diamond shape and of various colors. They were worn and broken now; but Roma herself patiently turned them on the other side, and colored them with preparations of her own invention, after which they were rubbed with wax, until they were far more beautiful than the original coloring. Various little presents had been made her from the people at the silk establishment where she had worked, and all these she had turned to purposes of use and beauty, mak-

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BLIND LAPIDARY.

BY W. C. HOWLAND.

"I AM poor enough, Roma; that you know as well as I; but it quickens and strengthens a man's hands to know that he has somebody depending on his labor. And besides, my trade is quite looking up. I have had more employment than ever, since I have been thinking of you as my wife. My wife, Roma—how sweet that sounds! I sometimes repeat it over and over again, while I work. Let me repeat it in earnest, darling!"

Roma murmured something which Joseph Carillo did not hear, but which he chose to interpret into an affirmative, and he betrayed the lover-like delight which is quite proper on such occasions. Pity that it did not evaporate so easily as it sometimes does!

I like my hero, reader, and I wish you to do so. "We live in deeds," says Philip Bailey—and Joseph Carillo's deeds ought to be emblazoned

ing the little home as attractive as a palace. Her own wardrobe was neat and simple, yet picturesque too, as the Italians of her class always dress. Out of this little room, she persuaded Joseph to cut a door into his workroom, that he might look in occasionally and enjoy his possessions there, and through that into the little bed-chamber with its pink and white hangings, the gift of her former employer.

"I shall see something sweeter than all," responded Joseph, more than ever loving the dear girl who was now all his own.

After the arranging of the house was over, Roma sat down to her polishing. It was beautiful to see her as she sat a little way from Joseph, —not so far that he could not give her an occasional kiss—at her little table covered with chamois-skin, diligently polishing the stones to the sharp click of Joseph's chisel, which he plied with an ardor never before experienced. Then rising, she would retreat to a mysterious hiding-place for half an hour, at the end of which time, she would call him to a repast of bread, grapes and macaroni, of such unrivalled delicacy of preparation and arrangement, as Joseph had never before witnessed.

Thus they went on for four years. Not a tint had faded in their home. The flowers, in their season, garlanded the cottage from doorstep to roof tree, the vines clustered thickly above frames their joint industry had raised. The only change had been that a little cot with just such pretty hangings as shaded the bed, had been added beside it, and from the plump recesses of which looked out every morning the "sweetest eyes that e'er were seen,"—eyes belonging to a miniature Roma.

About this time, Joseph took a fancy to cut out another large window in his workroom. Then he pushed aside the vines and trailing flowers from them, all three windows being left quite bare.

"Why do you spoil our beautifully shaded windows?" asked Roma.

"O, the child must have light. It will not do to bring her up in darkness—she will grow melancholy, Roma."

Satisfied of the wisdom of this, Roma said no more, until one day when Joseph thought she was farther off, she saw him through the open door, fling down his tools, throw himself forward upon the bench and sob like a child. This must not be, she thought. A great sorrow only can affect a man. Women weep easily. It is their nature—their refuge—their weapon, and their relief. But it takes sore smiting to bring water from the rock. Roma stepped back into the shadow, feeling as if she scarce dared to in-

trude upon the sacredness of a sorrow which her husband had not confided to herself. But she did not stay away long. In a few moments she lay upon his breast, in an agony of tender grief and dismay at what he had to tell her. Joseph was becoming blind!

In the first moments of her knowledge of this, Roma rebelled sorely against the affliction. She could not bear that one so good, so gentle, and so noble as he, should meet with so dreadful a punishment. She gave way to the expression of this rebellious thought. He gathered her slight figure in his arms, and spoke low, soothing words to her, as one would to a weeping child; and the storm of feeling subsided under his gentle tones. Still it was so hard that he should never see her and his little Roma—that he should be shut out in perpetual darkness from the dear sight of his home and its beauty—that, although she did not weep so wildly, the big tears that swelled slowly over the white eyelids, attested the inward suffering.

Joseph spoke no more of it at present. He bandaged his eyes and tried to learn to do many things belonging to his work without seeing—gradually preparing himself, as he told her he had long been doing, for the final result, which now seemed inevitable. He even showed her how she could manage to do much of it herself, and how to direct another, and then he praised her so much because she could finish the stones so perfectly!

"Don't think of it, dear," he would say, when she burst into a new paroxysm of grief at witnessing his efforts. "I shall be far better off than many other blind people, for have I not another pair of eyes that will do my bidding as faithfully as my own? O, believe me, darling, we shall not suffer."

"But you—so kind and good—"

"Hush, dearest, it will be all right, although it is so dark to you now."

And poor Roma had need to think so, if she could attain to so much philosophy as that; for that night Joseph took little Roma in his arms, saw her sweet face, remarked the extreme paleness of his wife's, and the next morning he waked to find both and all hidden from his eyes, perhaps forever! Patience did its perfect work upon Joseph Carillo. The song was still upon his lip, the smile still lighted her face. He went about with a facility that excited Roma's surprise, until he said, quietly, "I have been practising for six months."

He had known thus long what was coming, but he could not bear to tell her. Only once had he given way to the irrepressible sorrow

which she had chanced to witness. His little child's hand now led him. For hours, he and little Roma wandered about together; for light and air, the surgeons told him, would be his best friends. His general health must be sustained, if he ever expected a change in his disease. And with the assistance of a young man, who did the hardest part of the work, Roma worked away at the little chamois-skin covered table, as diligently as ever—as cheerfully as she could; never giving way to despondency when Joseph was near, for she found he could detect the sound of her breathing, and know by that, whether she was agitated or serene.

Very sincere was the sympathy given to Joseph in this affliction. Before he married, he had been the only organist at Santa Guiseppe, the church of his patron saint. He had performed this duty cheerfully without compensation; but when he married Roma, he resigned it to another, for the sake of sitting and kneeling beside her. Now it was tendered to him again, with an offer of recompense, and he gladly accepted it. Now it would not take him from Roma's side, for every Sunday she led him to his place at the organ, and her hand was ever near to regulate the stops, and perform any little service he might need.

One of the chances which sometimes are sought and sometimes come to us, threw a young traveller in the way of visiting the cottage. He was lingering so wistfully at the gate, admiring the beautiful flowers, that Roma asked him in, although a moment after she wished she had not, for Joseph was out with the child. However, he asked questions, and so did she; and his brought out the fact of her husband's blindness, and hers that of his being a student of surgery. Joseph had now been blind five years; and had strenuously opposed her entreaties to have an examination. The young man spoke learnedly, but simply; and his talk convinced her that an operation ought to be performed. He would not perform alone, he said, and he should need to study his case. He would prefer to watch it silently, without Joseph being aware that he had any scientific knowledge of his disease. Then, if he found no hope of cure from his observations, the patient would not experience either expectation or disappointment; he might never know that it had been named.

And Roma simply told her husband that a gentleman wished to lodge at this quiet place for a week or two, and would pay liberally for the privilege; and he acceded at once. The gentleman talked with him every day, and upon almost every subject but the eyes. He was a brilliant talker, placing every scene which he de-

scribed before the hearer's mental view; and, as such, was interesting, and even fascinating to the blind man, who became really attached to him. But after a while Joseph changed towards the stranger, much to the annoyance of the latter and the grief of Roma. He preserved a perfect silence before him, except when he vouchsafed the briefest answers to the questions put to him. The stranger and Roma had long and confidential talks together, trying to account for this caprice, but in vain. Joseph strove to alienate little Roma from the student, to whom she had become quite attached. The child was too just and sincere in her attachments to heed him. She only kissed the sightless eyes, and whispered loving words to the father she so truly loved and pitied.

Roma the elder found her opportunities for talk with young Pinard grew fewer and fewer. Joseph was constantly watching them—not with his eyes, it is true—but with that indescribable sixth sense which blind people attain. She wondered and wondered when he came home with Roma, after a brief absence of only a few moments, and called her away with a face that did not seem like Joseph's, so haggard and austere. He did not claim, nor accept her help either, as heretofore; and it was only when he spoke out in his disturbed and miserable sleep, that the startling truth burst upon her mind that he was jealous of the unoffending student! This was harder to bear than all the rest. That Joseph was blind was God's dispensation—a mournful one, it was true, but still one that no one could reflect upon. But jealousy!—jealousy from Joseph towards the wife who would have died to save him from a single pang, was what she was all unprepared to meet. Roma was truly miserable. She respected herself too much to deny without being questioned, that she was guilty of wrong towards him. She respected Pinard too much to let him know that Joseph had lost his confidence in him. Meantime the whole matter lay in a few scattered words that Joseph had heard Roma utter, just as he was entering the house one day—words of love applied to himself, but wrested by sudden jealousy into being addressed to Pinard; and since then, confirmed by new discoveries of private conversations, new words of anxious love applied to some one—probably, nay, indisputably, to the student. All Roma could do, was to urge Pinard to conclude his observations upon her husband's eyes as speedily as possible. She did it regardless of his thinking that she wished to get rid of his own presence; and the young man promised to do so, believing all the while that Joseph had discovered

his plan of operating upon his eyes. How easy it is to misapprehend those about us!

Joseph went out one afternoon alone, and took the way to the forest. Roma's heart was seized with a terrible foreboding when she found such was the case; for, alas, she had just been listening to Pinard, who had rejoined her, by telling her that the operation would be effectual, and that he had written to his friend to join him there the next week.

"To you," said Pinard, "I delegate the task of preparing him—of obtaining his consent."

She had hurried from the room to unfold to him their scheme, when she found that he had gone to the forest. She blamed Roma for letting her father go out alone, and the child wept at her unusual severity of speech. Without staying to dry the child's tears, she seized a veil and ran to the forest. She had pressed deeply into the undergrowth, in which she became entangled, when the sight of a small poignard, which she knew must have been dropped by Joseph, met her eye, lying lightly upon some leaves. She seized it by the handle, and pressed on. Joseph must have passed this way, through the brambles. Where was he now? She called, but her voice fell back into her own throat, instead of ringing out its rich tones upon the air.

Presently she emerged from this into an open space; but how could any blind person do so? Her doubts were dispelled, but her fears made stronger by that which here met her eye. Joseph lay prostrate on the greensward. Roma ran to him, raised his head, and wetting her hand in a little thread of brook which ran near, she applied it to his head and face.

He had fainted. Her caresses, when he recovered consciousness, prompted him to a confession. He had indeed come out with the intention of self-destruction in his mind, thinking, as he said, that he would take away all obstacles that the life of a poor, useless blind man could throw between her and Pinard. Roma stopped him here, but he would tell her how his better angel came to him and counselled him to throw away the weapon where he knew that he could not find it again. He had thrown it from the path which Roma, in her agitation had missed, and it had alighted on the leaves where she had found it.

"Now, then, dear Joseph," said the fond wife, still trembling at the danger, although it was past, "I will tell you all, which I could not before." And she related what the reader already knows.

Joseph wept like a child at his own unjust suspicions. He knelt at her feet, implored her pardon, and entreated her to keep it all from the

student, which, of course, she would do, unasked; and, as a compensation for the grief he had given her, he consented to an examination by Pinard and his friend, though hopeless as to the result. Roma, pale and quivering, led him home, hiding the poignard within her dress, and securely locking it up afterward. She was scarcely able to go through the ordinary employments of her household, so severely was she shaken. Joseph did not see her pale face, but he felt her thin hand, and sighed that he had been so weak as to distrust the angel who had tended him so long and faithfully.

"Next week" has arrived. The faithful Roma holds the hands of her husband, sitting in front, where his first glance may fall on her, if the operation prove successful. If it should not! Pinard and his friend stand bending over him, with an earnest anxiety in their looks. Little Roma is banished from the room, but her sobs reach the father's sensitive ear, although no one else hears them—and he insists on her return. He will have her close beside her mother; and the brave, affectionate girl promises not to weep again until all is over.

Slowly—very slowly, they perform. It seems an age to Roma, yet she patiently holds the hands. She has on the very dress in which he last saw her—a pale green—so as not to startle him with bright colors, if he can see at all. O, heavens! what are they doing? Joseph wrings her hand in an agony of pain; but she hears Pinard's voice encouraging and cheering him, and her fear subsides. That good, noble, patient friend—how gently he touches the tender orbs! Roma watches his face, and reads hope, fear and anxiety by turns. Then she fixes her eyes upon Joseph, until the surgeons both draw back and give a long breath, and the hands clasp hers, and the voice of her husband murmurs joyfully:

"I see you, darling!"

In a moment his eyes are bandaged, and he is laid upon the bed, now covered with a soft green, instead of the pink and white, and after days of blissful approaches to recovery, with occasional glimpses of his wife and child, he is allowed to rise, and come forth to the light of the perfect day.

Joseph Carillo is now the richest man in that region; yet he still lives in the very home made so dear by past happiness and past suffering. There is little alteration in the original cottage—but near it is another, which is built in more modern style, and is resided in by Francois Pinard and his pretty French wife, much to the gratification of his Italian friends.

trade of the East Indies. Everything about her bespoke neatness and order. The newly-painted sides, the tall masts tapering away to the little truck at the top, the sails carefully patched, yet swelling out in their fleecy glory, all united to make a sight, the interest of which can only be appreciated by those who have been many days at sea, out of the sight of land, or becalmed as we had been for three long weeks beneath the equatorial sky of the Timor Sea.

"Isn't she a beauty?" said old Captain Boggs, at length, as he took the ship's glass from his eye, where it had been steadily resting for some minutes.

I was about to express my acquiescence in this remark, albeit it was made more as a soliloquy than aught else, when the captain continued:

"By Jove, she's going to speak us! I wonder if the fellow wants water? If he does he can go—"

Now to what place the old fellow in his growl was desirous to send them, I know not, for by this time the vessel had approached so near to each other that objects could be plainly distinguished; and as we looked, and still admired, a tall form suddenly sprung into the mizzen rigging, and in a clear, distinct voice, called out the standard phrase of all introductory ceremonies at sea:

"Ship a-h-o-y!"

"Hilloa!" sung out our first mate.

"Where are you bound?"

"From the Moluccas to Boston, with spices and oils."

"Have you any accommodations for passengers?" was the strange inquiry which came next.

"Jerusalem!" said the captain to me. "If I was off the cape now I'd think it was the Flying Dutchman, Herr Vanderdecken. They say he always makes that inquiry. Tell him, Wilson," continued he, turning to the mate, "tell him to come aboard and see. We'll see what sort of a fellow he is, anyhow, that asks for a passage on a ship in mid ocean."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Wilson.

And again the speaking trumpet roared forth the words of invitation. The answer seemed to be satisfactory, for in a very few moments the strange ship was brought to, and in less time than it takes to narrate it, a yawl was dancing its way along the surface of the sea, propelled by the strength of two sturdy sailors, while the principal in the late colloquy sat in the stern sheets, and steered with an oar. Soon he was alongside, and with the ease of the practised sailor, caught a rope flung to him, and climbed up on deck.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE PIRATES OF ORNBAY.

BY H. N. BARROWS.

WE stood together on the ship's quarter deck, the captain and I, watching the motions of another vessel which had for several days been becalmed near us, and which now, under the influence of a light breeze which had just sprung up, was rapidly nearing us. She was a large American clipper, one of that beautiful fleet which of late years have become so justly the pride of the seas, and have gained a monopoly of the tea and opium

"Captain Thompson, of the ship Rockford," said he, raising his hat as his foot touched the deck.

"Why, Thompson, is that you? Why, I thought you had laid your bones in Fow Chow harbor, in the great hurricane last fall."

"Captain Boggs, by all that's holy! How are you, my hearty?" And the old friends, for such they were, grasped each other's hand with true sailor warmth; then in reply to the other's inquiry:

"No!" said he, "Davy Jones hasn't got me yet. But come into your cabin, I've got a word with you."

And so they disappeared down the companion-way, and as they went below I heard Old Boggs, for so we delighted to call him, calling out to his steward about "that New England rum, and some sugar," so I made up my mind we should not see them again for an hour, at least.

But I was mistaken, though, for in a very few minutes the two re-appeared, earnestly talking, and as they passed me on the way to the boat, I heard Thompson say:

"You won't find her much trouble, poor thing! All she wants is to be left alone. She feels just now her loss sadly."

Her! Had I heard aright? In a glimpse which I took of the strange ship through the telescope, was I right in supposing I had seen the fluttering of a woman's dress among the ropes? Was it, could it be that we were to be enlivened by the presence of another passenger, and that a woman? were thoughts that followed one another in quick succession through my brain. My imagination immediately pictured her as a young and pretty girl, therefore I knew that with my susceptible heart I should like her. From the words of Captain Thompson, I conjectured that she was in some sorrow, therefore I would try and cheer her. "Pity is akin to love," whispered my guardian angel, who all this time was standing invisible by my side. And so my thoughts ran on, till lo and behold, I found myself standing in my good old Massachusetts home, presenting a young bride to a group of wondering brothers and sisters who stood around. From this wild roaming of my wayward imagination, I was brought back to earth and material things by a summons on the part of the steward to dinner. Dinner! Horrible thought—pea soup, pork and beans, with heavy, lead-colored duff, in comparison with the elegant *Chateau du Espagne* I had been building. But still as the ancient poet very wisely remarked, "Nature abhors a vacuum," and so to dinner I went.

"Captain," said I, to that individual, as I

passed my plate for some more sea-pie (a remarkable dish, the composition of which was only known to Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte, our ebony cook), "what's going to happen? Anything particular?"

That gentleman looked roguishly at me for a moment, and then with a wink at Wilson, the first mate, began, Yankee like, to answer one question by propounding another.

"Did you leave a sweetheart behind you when you took your leave of the Hampshire hills?"

"On my honor, no, always save and except Sophrony Nash, who always said I was her darling; but she's sixty, if she's a day, so what of it? Come, now, don't tantalize a fellow."

Old Boggs pushed away his plate, lit a cigar, and as he did so remarked:

"Why, you see Thompson, over there on the Rockford, has got a piece of calico on board that started with her father from Philadelphia, to go to Hong Kong, where he has a tea-hong. But last week the old man fell sick and died, and so she, poor girl, doesn't want to go on, and Thompson came on board to see if I would take her back to her friends in America."

"And you're going to do it? Of course you are, for you're a good fellow, captain, I know."

"Ho, ho!" laughed he, "that's the way the wind blows, is it? Well, I told Thompson I would if it wasn't for a susceptible youth I had on board as supercargo, who I thought—"

"Pshaw," said I; but the captain heeded not, and went on:

"Would be trifling with her affections, etc. However, at length I consented, and I guess you may as well put on your best duds for tea;" with which fatherly suggestion we separated to our respective state-rooms.

"Mr. Walton, let me make you acquainted with your new fellow-passenger, Miss Payne," were the words that greeted me in the captain's voice, as we assembled for the evening meal.

I raised my eyes and bowed, was just conscious of the presence of a slight and graceful figure, belonging, perhaps to sweet seventeen, and of two large, mournful eyes, that dwelt on me for an instant as my bow was returned, and then as quickly sought refuge behind the long brown lashes. That meal was eaten with more than our usual silence; by the captain probably out of respect to the feelings of his new protegee; by me partly on this account, and partly that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and now and then steal a glance at a hand that rivalled Cleopatra's in its smallness and beauty. Its owner was disposed to be taciturn, for once or twice when I

addressed observations to her, they were courteously but briefly answered, and when on going on deck I offered my arm for a promenade, it was declined in the same gentle but decided way. Very plainly our new passenger was not the person to form a quick acquaintance with, for several days went by, and I progressed no further than exchanging the courtesies of the day, nor did it seem likely that I would. At length, however, an event occurred of a startling nature, and which speedily broke down the barriers that had existed between us. It came on this wise.

The calm still continued, and the current in drifting us about had finally brought us one afternoon within a few miles of Ornbay, a beautiful mountain islet, one of that numerous cluster which lie scattered through these seas, covered with Oriental verdure to their very base, so that the branches of the palm, the nutmeg or the cassia dip over into the water along the shore. As night approached, one by one the lights in front of the Malay huts could be seen glimmering through the trees, making a cheerful contrast to the sombre gloom of everything around. So I said to the mate, Wilson, as we paced the deck together.

"Ay," answered he, "very beautiful, doubtless, they would be if we were going through the channel with a ten knot breeze; but—never mind, either," said he, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why, what do you mean? Tell me quickly," said I, with increasing energy, as I saw a troubled expression pass over his face.

After a pause he replied, "Simply this—and perhaps after all it is best you should know it—do you remember the ship *Waverley*, that was attacked by pirates, and her crew murdered a year or two ago?"

"Yes, I remember, but what of that?"

"Only that it was just here in this very sea, opposite to that very island, that it took place. The inhabitants of that beautiful isle are the most blood-thirsty Malays in the East Indies."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed I, as a faint idea of what he meant dawned upon my mind. "But then you don't mean to say that we are in any immediate danger?"

"But I do, though. Did you see that fishing boat that was out here this afternoon?"

"Yes, I noticed her particularly, she left soon after we appeared in sight."

"Exactly. Well, our captain followed her with the glass, and saw that she landed in a cove just opposite where we are, and where there is a considerable village. Further inspection revealed the fact that there are many other boats

there, and when this little skiff landed, those on shore held a council at the principal hut, and we saw them pointing to our vessel, and evidently concocting some plan about us. At first we determined to say nothing to any of the passengers, but you are pretty cool-headed, and I may as well tell you now, to be in readiness for the worst, for an attempt will undoubtedly be made to pillage the ship."

I could not answer a word. There are times, either of emotion or of danger, when the feelings seek repose in quiet rather than in utterance. Such an one was the present. To say that I felt fear would not be true; but O, the world of thought that went madly rushing through my brain in an instant of time! O myself, and the death which stared me in the face, I thought but little; but my mind wandered away to that quiet home among the hills of New England, where an aged mother and blue-eyed sister would long await in sorrow for the return of the missing son and brother; and how the tears would daily fall, as they gathered around the family hearth, and marked there the vacant chair of him whose fate was unknown. And then I reverted to our own ship, and to the fair young girl whose presence had for only a few days gladdened the monotony of our tedious calm at sea. What would become of her? Death, or a fate far worse at the hands of the cruel and relentless pirates. O, the horror of that thought. It developed an interest in the fair Ruth of which I was hardly aware, and nerved my arm with tenfold energy, and I grasped the brawny hands of the mate with a firmness that told him, come what may, he would not find me wanting.

"But be sure," said he, as we parted, "that you do not alarm Miss Ruth. It were far better that she should remain in ignorance of it. Poor, poor girl!" And I saw the stern, rough sailor that had faced undaunted the ocean in its wildest wrath, I saw him wipe away a tear!

"Trust me for that," said I, as I left him to go below, and make the necessary preparations for defence. It did not take long to load my revolver, and secure a good cutlass from the ship's armory. This done, I said to myself, "Now I at least am ready," and the thoughts and events of the hour seemed to add ten years to my life.

All that evening was spent in the awfulness of suspense. The captain's brow wore a look of sternness I had never noticed before, for he was a mild, gentle man, very joyous in his disposition, and by no means disposed to create phantoms to haunt him from his own fears. As for Ruth, she remained in blissful ignorance of the

impending danger, and even as the sun sometimes shines brightest just before the shower, that evening she appeared to throw off her reserve, and laughed and chatted quite gaily, and very little in common with the feelings of the rest of us.

By the request of the captain we retired to our rooms at the usual hour—to our rooms—but not to rest. For a long time I lay, gun and pistol by my side, with my thoughts dwelling alternately on the present, and so much of the future as the next hour would bring forth. At length I fell into a fitful and uneasy slumber, a sleep broken by wild and uncouth dreams. Perils by land and by sea beset me on every side. Now I was pursued by savage beasts among the jungles of Hindostan; now I was taken captive by the still wilder Sepoys. I could see their demoniac grins as they dragged me half naked through the streets of Cawnpore; could hear their loud shout of triumph in anticipation of the pleasures of torturing a new victim. At length, in my dream, I was shut up with many other fellow-captives in a hut, and while their insane orgies filled the air, it was fired, and a sheet of lurid flame blazed up around our shrinking bodies!

Ha, it was not all a dream! A bright light did shine in through the port-hole of my state-room, and a loud chorus of fiend-like yells fell upon my half-awakened ears! It was even as we feared. We were attacked with the dreaded scourge of eastern seas, the pirates of Ornbay! It was no time for delay. With a half-uttered prayer I sprang from my berth, only to see that the stern of the ship was on fire, and that a fierce conflict was raging on the deck above.

My first thought was for Ruth. Her state-room, like mine, was near the stern, and she must have been exposed to danger as I was. Away like lightning I went across the cabin, burst in the door, and found everything in the wildest confusion, but the state-room was empty; not a soul was in the cabin—all were engaged on deck. On deck then was my sphere of duty, and thither I went, pistol in hand.

"Hurrah, boys, give 'em what they deserve!" were the sounds that first reached my ears, above the groans and yells of the wounded and dying. It was the captain's voice that spoke, and as I gained the deck, his tall form was the first that met my eye—the centre of a group near the mainmast, with a cutlass in his hand which whirled round and round his head, and at every turn brought down a savage. Not an inch did he retreat, though the odds were fearfully against him. Cocking my pistol, I was about to rush to his rescue, when a loud shriek behind me caused

me to turn, and a voice—her voice—fell on my ears in accents that will haunt me to my dying day.

"Save me, O, Mr. Walton, save me!"

It was Ruth Payne, and in the hands of two huge Malays, who were endeavoring to stifle her cries, and drag her to the rail, so as to throw her to the boats beneath. The sight gifted me with superhuman vigor. Quick as thought I fired at one old wretch whose dress betokened a chief, and who in his brute strength had actually struck her fair face with his fist, to stop her cries. The ball sped well. Suddenly raising his hand to his head, he loosed his hold, and standing as he was on the taffrail of the ship, he staggered, fell, and a dull splash beneath told the fate he had met. The other Malay now left the girl, and brandishing a club, made at me.

"Fly, Ruth, dear Ruth, get below as fast as possible!"

Away she went, and as her form disappeared down the steps, I shut the top of the caboose, and she was saved, and with the other hand sent another leaden messenger on its errand of vengeance. Well was it aimed, and my antagonist sank lifeless on the deck.

But hark! what is that sound that falls on our ears? It is the sound of the waves splashing against the sides of the ship! And is that a breath of air which fans my heated brow? It is, it is—there comes a breeze, and loud rises on high the joyous shout:

"We are saved, we are saved!"

A moment more, and our gallant ship was speeding through the water at the rate of six knots an hour, and we were driving the last of the pirates over the side, for as soon as they heard the breeze, they turned and fled, knowing that their only hope of success was in the continued calm. Our gallant crew, almost exhausted, were thus stimulated to renewed exertions, and from that moment victory was with us.

"God has saved us!" said the captain to us, as soon as we met; "but poor Wilson, they've done for him at last!"

"What, is he dead?" asked I.

"Yes, he was killed at the first attack. I told him to keep under cover, but the brave fellow would expose himself, that he might better watch their motions, an arrow struck him, and, poor fellow, he sank back dead into my arms, before a blow was struck on our side. Peace to his ashes, for he was a brave and good officer."

"Amen," answered I, solemnly.

"But where's Miss Payne," asked Boggs, "is she safe?"

I recounted to him in a few words what had passed, and we entered the cabin. There, on her

knees, pouring out fervent prayers for our success, was Ruth Payne. Verily it seemed as if a halo of glory surrounded her head, as she knelt there.

"One of God's holy messengers
She seemed to me that day."

As soon as we entered, she rose up, and coming towards me, gave me her hand with the sweetest grace imaginable, and with a smile which spoke the feelings of her heart, said:

"O, Mr. Walton, to you I owe my life. How can I ever be sufficiently grateful to you?"

"Name it not, my dear Miss Payne," answered I, "it affords me great happiness to think that I was permitted to be the humble instrument for such a service. I am more than repaid in the pleasure of this moment, and in the smile with which you but just now greeted me."

Ruth blushed, and the captain put in with, "What would Miss Sophrony say if she heard you?" Then to Ruth, "Look here, young lady, when I was young we used to think ourselves more than paid to have a chance to do such deeds for a pair of bright eyes like yours."

This brought the tell-tale blood in yet greater profusion to her cheeks, and to hide her confusion, Ruth laughed and ran to her state-room.

From that time all reserve was broken down between us. The fine breeze which so providentially took us, still continued; in two days we had passed Sandalwood Island, and in a few more, under the influence of a glorious trade wind, were flying across the broad Indian Ocean. Ruth and I lived those days in a heaven of blissful uncertainty. We together paced the deck, when night threw her cool mantle over the sea; together we read from our favorite authors, when the noonday heat drove us from the deck. But the happiest hour of all was when she spoke of her home, and her friends, and of the pleasure she would have at meeting them again—a pleasure saddened by the loss of that dear parent, whose remains were laid beneath the waves of Pantar.

At such a time, her fine eyes would light up with a softened radiance, and a glow would spread over her face, until she became positively beautiful. Of the future I thought not. Day followed day, in quick succession, and with each setting sun I found myself more and more interested in my charming fellow-passenger. At length I began to reflect, and reflection brought with it the sweet certainty, and yet a certainty harrowed by harassing thoughts that I was deeply, madly in love. I found her image indelibly impressed on my heart. I awakened as from a dream, to find, as so often before, that it was a fixed reality that I must meet. Dared I hope that I was loved in

return? Would it be right for me to take advantage of the gratitude she owed me, to seek a nearer tie? Could I argue anything from the evident pleasure she took in my company? These were questions that one by one rose up to trouble me. How they ever came to be answered was as follows.

Our long voyage was nearly over. We had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, crossed the line in the Atlantic, and began to perceive those tokens of an approach to land. One evening Ruth and I had been taking our usual walk across the quarter deck, and at length tired, had stopped and leaned over the rail, watching the water as it washed and eddied about the vessel's rudder, sparkling with phosphorescent glow, and leaving a broad wake of luminous foam behind.

"Such," said I, "is human friendship. We meet, sparkle for an instant in each other's company, and then separate, soon to be blotted from memory forever."

"Say not so," was the response; "rather we meet, and the bright spark is kindled in our hearts which finds a willing resting place there, and ever after glows with a pure lambent light."

"Do you indeed think so?" asked I with earnestness.

"And why not? Can souls gifted with the intelligence and reason that only souls possess, be thrown together, and not feel an increased pleasure in society and humanity? What does the poet, we were reading, say?"

"And Vidal, though in folly's ring
He seemed so weak and wild a thing,
Had yet an hour, when none were by,
For reason's thought, and passion's sigh,
And knew and felt, in heart and brain,
The paradise of buried pain."

Her voice, low and sweet at all times, seemed gifted with a sweeter melody, as she repeated these lines. As she closed, however, as if conscious of having transgressed the bounds of maidenly decorum, she started, and would have broken away from me; but I passed my arm suddenly around her waist, and held her while in a voice rendered hoarse by emotion, I said:

"And will you, do you reserve a place for me in your heart? Listen to me, Ruth. When you first came on board, my feelings were those of pleasure at having a companion; when first I saw that sweet blue eye, rendered mournful by your bereavement, I wept in sympathy with you; and when on that fatal night—"

"O, name it not—not now—not now!" And I saw the tear start; but I continued:

"That night I felt my whole heart go over to you in one great bound. Many have been the hours we have spent together, so happy, such as

earth never before witnessed. Ruth, dearest Ruth, we must not part. I love you truly, devotedly; will you, O, speak to me, say that you will be mine?"

Her tears were falling fast, as I concluded, and for a moment no word was said. But my embrace was not repelled, and when a moment later I drew her closer to me, in a fond moment, smiles began to break through her tears like the sun from behind a cloud, and "every eye and look, and shifting lineament was full of love," and I heard whispered, in a tone, low, but loud enough for my heart to catch it up, and stamp it in golden letters on my heart:

"Thine, ever thine."

"The lover's voice, the loved one's ear,
There's nothing else to speak or hear;
And we will say, as on we glide,
There's nothing else on earth beside."

So thought I that night, as I pressed a kiss on those dear lips, now at last my own, as we parted to seek our places of rest. Like the hero in "Dream Life," I could not refrain from constantly repeating to myself, "Thine, ever thine!"

Reader, one more incident, and I shall shut the book which contains this page of my personal history. Come with me, away from the dashing brine and wild storms of "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste," to one of the quietest of New England villages; just after we cross the bridge, and turn the corner by the old mill, there stands a fine mansion, surrounded by old elms that look as if they had waved their giant arms in protection there for centuries. It is with that mansion that we are to make a brief acquaintance. Upon the steps of a broad, old-fashioned porch, are standing a maiden in youth's glowing bloom, and a matron, now on the downward course of life. Shading her eyes with her hand, the younger lady looks intently up the road, and at length, in a tone of slight vexation, says to the other:

"Why don't they come, mother? It is already past the time that Frank said he would be here, and I heard the whistle from the train some time since."

"Patience, my daughter. He will not disappoint us. O, how the joyful thought makes me tremble, that I am so soon to see my own boy again, and after so long an absence. How long has he been gone, Bessie?"

"Nearly three years, dear mother."

She was going to say more, when the sound of wheels was heard rapidly approaching the house, and in a moment more a carriage stopped before the gate, a young man leaped eagerly from the

seat, and without waiting for the young lady who sat beside him, ran gradually up the walk, and in a minute more I—Frank Walton—was clasped in the arms of my dear, dear old mother.

"Frank, my son, my son!" were the first outpouring of feelings from that fond mother's heart.

Next 'twas the sister's turn for a like welcome, and while her warm kiss was still moist on my lips, I turned around, and leading forward my companion, who by this time had left the carriage, I said:

"Mother, here is a new daughter for you; this is my Ruth, of whom I wrote, from Philadelphia. Bessie, here is a new sister. Ruth, my Ruth, you will love my parents and sister for my sake."

The affectionate greeting that followed showed that I had not mistaken the state of affairs when I assured Ruth, on the day of our marriage in Philadelphia, that she would find a new father and mother in mine.

"May God bless you, my child," said that mother, as she placed her hand on Ruth's fair brow. "May God bless you. I can ask no greater happiness for you than the prayer that Frank may be to you as great a blessing as his father has been to me."

Here, kind reader, I must bid you farewell. You do not, I am sure, wish to seek further into the sacred privacy of such a scene. Your own imagination can picture to you the feelings that absorbed us all, probably far better than I could tell it you.

But you desire to know something of our married life, do you? Alas, miss, I would like to gratify you, but in fact 'twas but six short weeks ago that the Wanderer returned; but between you and me, I don't think either Ruth or myself particularly regret the attack the Malay pirates made on our ship in the Timor Sea. If that day ever should come that we do regret it, I promise to let you know. Farewell!

[ORIGINAL.]

SYBIL ROCHFORD.

BY M. A. L. BOWEN.

THAT WAS a bright and happy day—that twenty-first of June that made John Rochford and Sybil Ayer man and wife. A cheerful wedding, scarcely dimmed by the tears of Sybil's widowed mother, was celebrated in the little, low, rose-shaded parlor of the diminutive cottage which Mrs. Ayer and her daughter had lived in so long together. Sybil's father had died at sea when she was an infant, and there had been some heart-aches, and much brave, noble purpose in the life of the widow, left alone without father or brother to help her. For Sybil's sake, she roused herself from sorrow—for her she waked and toiled. And now, after nineteen years of the tenderest care, she must resign her to another. Glad tears and sad tears did she shed. Often and often had she wept to think that when she should be called away, Sybil had no relative to whom she might consign her. Now she was at least easy on that point. John Rochford, though in humble circumstances, was a man of whom any mother-in-law might be proud. His occupation was as old as the creation, and therefore perfectly respectable. Like Adam, he was a gardener—an enthusiast, too—a lover of the soil and of everything bright and beautiful that his patient toil and careful tending could call out of the portions which fell to his lot to cultivate. Every one who could afford to call in aid from John Rochford in the cultivation of a garden, did so; and often his spring orders were more numerous than he could possibly manage.

The pretty, new cottage to which he brought Sybil was a perfect bower of roses and honeysuckles, while the little garden, of which every inch was fully cultivated, showed a profusion of rare and beautiful plants, ordinarily unattainable save by the rich. This was in front—but far be-

hind stretched an enormous kitchen garden, which was destined to supply the neighboring market, and for the cultivation of which, Rochford was compelled to give up some of his old employees.

No indacement could be brought forward, strong enough for the widow to leave her own little hut—for it was scarcely more than one—to take up her abode with the newly-married pair. Loving Sybil as she did, and missing her with a sharp consciousness of her loss that grew harder every day, she yet had the wisdom to know that it was better to leave them to themselves. And John Rochford, although perfectly sincere in his offer to take her home for life, was thankful towards her for so deciding; for he was willing to be served only by the ready hand of Sybil, and wished to have no third person occupy the few leisure moments he allowed himself from labor.

It has often been said, that when many years have passed over a family bringing no change, the first change is followed in quick succession by others. A marriage, a birth and a death, occurred in this little family in the short space of the first year. Mrs. Ayer lived to see another little Sybil open its blue eyes, and a few weeks after, when her daughter went to make her first visit with her baby, she found her mother sitting peacefully in her armchair, as if asleep. Going up to her to place the infant in her lap, that she might waken and find it, she was struck with the immobility of the hands and arms, which she vainly tried to draw around her little treasure. Death was there—but death had done its office so gently as only to counterfeit its sweet sister sleep. They buried her in her own little garden, for so she had often desired to be, and the little worn-out cottage remained tenantless; Sybil not caring to see another in the place so hallowed by the memory of her mother.

The little Sybil was not doomed to be an only child, like Sybil the elder. Two sisters were born, within the first five years of her life. One of these received her grandmother's name—Marcia; the other was named by John for his own mother—Lucy—refined, if not beautified, into Lucia, to correspond better with the fanciful names of the other little ones.

If John Rochford's garden could look more beautiful, it was when the three little golden heads were bobbing playfully among the flowers; when the little light feet that left no trace of their steps, the tender stalks rising uncrushed from their pressure, were flitting about like the birds, to the music of their own voices. Alas! when the sparkle is highest on the cup, it is sometimes dashed to the ground!

John Rochford was out in a drenching rain one market day, and rode home with an east wind piercing through his wet clothes. A rheumatic fever, which left its permanent effects on limb and joint and muscle, attended with intense, excruciating pain was the result, destroying equally his ability to pursue his occupation, or to enter into any other. The spring came round and found him a confirmed invalid—the once noble and erect form bowed almost to the earth and supported by short crutches, and unable to go abroad except upon the finest days, for usually he was confined to bed or chair. Sybil bravely tried to fill his place in the garden, with the assistance of a boy; but it was too much for one so delicately reared, and with John to lift, and the little children to take care of—and she, too, began to fail. The garden was neglected and run to waste. They were obliged to sell it low, and even the money obtained upon its sale was already owing—most of it for doctor's bills. They had one retreat—the little dilapidated cottage of Mrs. Ayer, which had seemed but narrow quarters for two people, but which was now made to hold five.

The dream of bliss so sweetly begun, was subsiding into a cold, dull reality; and the future which had seemed so bright, was chequered all over with anxieties for the welfare of the dear household angels that brightened even that humble home into a vision of paradise, that all their forebodings could not quite destroy.

When at length John Rochford sank under the united forces of sickness and poverty, Sybil was worn to a shadow. Friends and neighbors were kind and good, but for the most part with slender means, and they could only perform such little inexpensive acts of kindness as were within their daily reach; and Sybil Rochford passed away, trusting only to the promise of Him who has declared himself a father to the fatherless.

A poor woman whose income only covered her daily wants, took the three beautiful children home—for the little but scarcely paid by its sale for the funeral expenses. One man who might have done more, had he willed, than all the rest of the neighbors, advised Mrs. Carr to give them in charge of the town overseers—a piece of advice which she at once rejected.

"No, Mr. Allen," she indignantly replied, "not as long as I have bread to give them. John Rochford was a noble man, and his wife was brought up tenderly and delicately. Both were refined beyond the people by whom they were surrounded. They gave what they had to give. The poor of this neighborhood received many a dollar's worth from the garden they cultivated;

and others were glad to take their beautiful flowers—(many a bunch have I seen going into your own door, Mr. Allen, that would have brought a dollar in Boston). It was a pleasure to them to bestow them, too."

"Ah, well; but then, you know well enough, Mrs. Carr, that Rochford's children must go out into the world, like other poor children."

"True enough! But there are, thank God, some noble souls left—some hearts that will yet warm to the orphans, and I shall yet find them. My trouble is, not that somebody will not appear to take each of them, but that they must of necessity be separated in a measure from each other. It would be folly to think that they can ever be in one family again, though God knows if I was rich, they should stay with me always."

"Good woman enough," said Allen to his wife, when he returned home, "but no judgment—dreadful visionary!"

And so he judged of a heart that was filled with the essence of that religion that visits the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and turned away to wrap himself in that superior judgment which led him only to take care of number one.

It was soon known that the orphans must be adopted by some one more able than Mrs. Carr; and there were many visits paid to her house, some from kindness, but more from curiosity. Among those who came was a lady, Mrs. Willey, who liked Sybil and offered to take her directly. Mrs. Carr objected to the suddenness, because Sybil was helpful to her in taking care of the smaller ones, and begged her to wait till they too should be wanted. No, "now or never," said the self-willed woman, and with some misgivings the poor woman gave her up. The little girls wept and sobbed at the separation, but yielded to their good friend's entreaties to bear it patiently. Lucia, the youngest went next, chosen by a mechanic's wife, who had lost a child just her age. She was not rich, but she seemed to have a loving heart, and Mrs. Carr felt far happier than when she gave Sybil to Mrs. Willey.

Marcia was the last. Mrs. Carr had begun to think that she must try to keep her, when one day a lady and gentleman stopped their carriage at the door, and when they went away Marcia was beside them, drinking in long draughts of love and compassion that flowed from them to her. Marcia had indeed found parents. A beautiful home, good instruction and judicious care completed what was already begun in Marcia's training, and the kind reader may dismiss all fear for the future of the gifted and fortunate child. Mr. Holland was one of nature's noble-

men—a phrase often used, but too just and appropriate to some men, ever to be cast away as obsolete; and the wife matched him in a union as rare as it was beautiful to behold.

"Sybil, who was that little mean-looking girl to whom I saw you bowing?" asked Mrs. Willey, as she and Sybil were riding one day.

"Why, that was my little sister Lucia. O, how I longed to get out and kiss the dear little thing! May I go and see her, mama?"

"No, Sybil. If that house with a baker's shop in front, is where she is, you cannot go. Besides, I have often told you that you have no sisters now. I will have no one between you and me. Forget that you have had any sisters. It will be happier for you and for them too."

"But my mother told me never to forget them. Please let me remember them."

"Well, say nothing about them. Remember! never tell the servants that you have a sister at that baker's. Where is the other?"

"O, Marcia! She is at Mr. Holland's. She is very happy, Aunt Carr says."

"Sybil, have you been at Mrs. Carr's again?"

"No, mama, I met her when I went to school. She says Marcia has found a good home."

"Where is it?"

"In Lyndon Street, the Hollands live."

"What, Frederic Holland? Has he taken your sister?"

"Yes, that is the name."

"O, then I give you free permission to cultivate acquaintance there. Mr. Holland is quite rich," and Mrs. Willey remembered bitterly that his was a house to which, with all her cunning, she could never obtain an invitation.

"Thank you, dear mama, but—"

"But what, Sybil?"

"Dear little Lucia—she was the youngest. Let me see her too."

"I have told you that you cannot, child. That is my answer now."

Lucia had seen Sybil go by, and had cried bitterly because she did not stop. Aunt Carr had told Marcia, who was permitted to go to her house, that she had met Sybil on her way to school; and she, too, had wept because she had not seen her for so long a time. It was so hard, the little girls thought, to be parted.

So, on the following Saturday afternoon, it happened that, while the baker's wife was dressing little Lucia in her clean chints frock and straw hat, intending to take her to see Sybil, Mrs. Holland was intent upon the same idea in regard to Marcia. The sight of Mrs. Frederic Holland's carriage at her door was one that had

long been coveted by Mrs. Willey; but had it not been to please little Marcia, the poor, ambitious woman might have "died without the sight." As it was, she was exalted to an altitude she had long ceased to hope for; and though Mrs. Holland was delighted with Sybil, she was fairly disgusted with the weak flattery and obsequiousness of the woman who had adopted her. While the children were carressing each other, the door opened and the servant ushered in a lady, dressed in mourning, and a child.

The little girls exclaimed, "Lucia, Lucia! little darling!" and ran to kiss her. Mrs. Annesley was embarrassed and tried to explain to the haughty lady of house who she was; but the coldness with which she received the explanation made the modest little woman wish herself and her child at home. Fortunately, Mrs. Holland was not afraid that her dignity would be compromised. She knew Mrs. Annesley well, and now came forward with a kind pressure of the hand and a pleasant smile of recognition which surprised Mrs. Willey, who had not stirred from her chair; and made her wish that she had given the new comer a more genial reception.

The children, happily, knew of no distinction between them. Lucia, in her fresh, clean print, was unconscious that Sybil's over-trimmed silk frock and gold bracelet entitled her to more favor than herself. Mrs. Holland had followed her own good taste in dressing Marcia in a simple, though fine, spotted cambric, without a single ornament; and the child's straw hat was as plain as Lucia's; while Sybil wore an elaborately made bonnet of lace and pink satin, in which the poor girl looked as if she were smothering with its weight.

But Mrs. Willey began to believe that Mrs. Annesley might be spoken to, after Mrs. Frederic Holland had noticed her; and she now came forward to redeem her impoliteness. Mrs. Annesley received her advances with civility, but without manifesting any gratitude for attention so tardily bestowed; and the interview soon ended.

When, on the steps, Mrs. Holland begged Mrs. Annesley to go home with her, so that the children might pass the rest of the day together, Mrs. Willey bit her lip with vexation. She had never asked her to call even; although Mrs. Holland had asked her to let Sybil visit her sister; and she saw the carriage roll away with the woman whom she had spoken of so contemptuously, with a strange feeling of envy. That she should ever have envy toward Baker Annesley's wife!

It may seem incredible that, living in the same

town—a country town too—the three ladies should not meet again for twelve years; yet such was the case. During that time, Marcia had spent four years in Paris at school. Sybil had passed three at a fashionable boarding school and little Lucia had gone on quietly at Mrs. Annesley's with no advantages beyond what the public school afforded her. Yet, thanks to the good training of New England teachers and the natural abilities of the child, she came forth at seventeen, as well prepared to enter upon life as her sisters. No one could be ashamed of owning Lucia as a relative. She was so beautiful—so intellectual looking—so finely organized, and so gentle and amiable, that all who knew her loved her. Marcia had kept up a constant correspondence with her, by Mrs. Holland's desire, and Lucia knew, therefore, that she was soon to be summoned to act as her sister's bridesmaid. She was to be married to a gentleman, rather older than herself, but the match was unexceptionable and she loved him. Mrs. Holland would have gladly delayed it, but she yielded to her lover, who said he was growing old and could not spare the time!

The wedding was rich and magnificent. The two sisters of the bride were her attendants; Mrs. Willey, for the first time, receiving an invitation to Mrs. Holland's house. She was so delighted that she even patronized Mrs. Annesley on the occasion. She had yielded to Mrs. Holland to select Sybil's dress, and the poor girl, for once, had the pleasure of seeing herself in a garb at once rich and plain.

People will tell news even at weddings; and it was soon whispered about that the house of Willey and Co., had that day made a tremendous—some said, a shameful, failure. Everybody knew it, but Mrs. Willey herself. Her husband had excused himself from the wedding on the plea of a sudden call from town. He could not bear to spoil his wife's long wished for pleasure of being enrolled among Mrs. Frederic Holland's visitors.

The next morning, she arose a happy woman. By noon, she knew that her husband was penniless. He had nobly given up all. The shameful failure belonged, not to him, but to his false partner. Then it was that Mrs. Holland came and generously offered the heart-stricken woman an asylum in her house until her husband could re-instate himself in business. Then Mr. Holland, too, held out his hand to Mr. Willey and relieved him of half the load that oppressed him.

"How can I thank you?" was his first inquiry.

"By giving Sybil to us," said Mr. Holland.

And Mr. Willey, knowing that it was best, only waited his wife's consent. She gave it willingly, because she could not consent to occupy a humbler home than before, and if her husband had to pay Sybil's board, it must be an unfashionable locality that would receive them. Mrs. Holland, finding that her heart would not be quite broken by the parting, dismissed her scruples and gladly welcomed Sybil to her home.

Sybil was good at heart, despite the useless and extravagant manner in which she had been reared. Her taste had always been outraged by Mrs. Willey, but she had submitted with a good grace, to what she could not help. Now she could be as simple as she chose.

"You have taken her only to lose her," said Mr. Holland, one evening, when his wife had declared that she would soon rival Marcia in her affections. Sybil was by, and as she looked gratefully at Mrs. Holland, she said playfully:

"No, I will be an old maid and stay with you always." And she kept her word, although not for want of opportunity to make a home of her own.

Lucia soon followed Marcia's example. The protegee of the baker's wife made even a more splendid alliance than her sister. All that wealth and position and intelligence could do for a man, was possessed by her husband; and the three beautiful little girls whom she has named respectively for herself and her sisters, complete the mystic chain of Lucia's happiness. To her, Mrs. Annesley was always *mother*; while Sybil, though kind and respectful to Mrs. Willey, could not accord to her that dearest of all names. She cannot but remember how she tried to separate her from her sister, because her prospects in life were humbler than her own; nor can she forget how willing she was to resign her to others, when self-interest favored the step.

Notwithstanding her training, Sybil Rochford is a lovely and noble woman. Losing no opportunity of embracing the new advantages she now possesses, she has become a deep student without encroaching upon her domestic habits.

"Why does not Sybil Rochford marry?" asked a friend, addressing Mrs. Holland.

"Show me the man who is worthy of her," she answered.

"You are right," was the rejoinder. "He does not exist."

PANGS.

Love's perfect triumph never crowned
The hope unchequered by a pang;
The grandest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.—CARLEILE.

her lover in my presence in the barque's cabin on the eve before we sailed.

"Remember, Wilfred, a freight for Boston!" was her accompanying rejoinder.

"For Boston, Annie. I'll come in ballast, if I can obtain nothing else."

"Humph, if I thought ye would I'd have ye spliced at once, and send her with ye," muttered the charmer's papa. "No, no, Harper, take the first good freight that offers, no matter where. Trust me, you'll think the chains heavy, and assumed quite soon enough, ship them when ye will." And with this charge he departed to see his daughter off by boat to her eastern home.

We were bound to Rio, for which a party of four had engaged state-rooms through the Spanish consul, and they made their appearance for the first time that evening at a late hour, when we slipped our moorings and anchored in the stream to await the turn of tide.

"Have you seen her, Frank?" demanded my superior, as he joined me on deck at midnight, at which hour the pilot had appointed to be aboard.

"Seen who, sir?"

"The youngest of our passengers."

"I witnessed the embarkation of a priest and three ladies; but did not observe their countenances."

"Ah, wait till morning; there's a treat in store for you."

But we were scudding to the eastward under a heavy press of canvass, and through a rising sea, when breakfast was announced, so I was obliged to wait longer for the treat, while my curiosity was materially augmented by my superior's sketches of the face and form he had pronounced angelic at first sight.

A week elapsed ere that curiosity was gratified, when gentle winds and genial skies procured me a first glimpse of the divinity. She was beautiful, so lovely that I cannot hope to do her justice in description, therefore I forego the task, merely adding that her beauty was of the Moorish style, rare and exotic, peculiar to old Castile, and nowhere found so bewilderingly luxuriant, as in Brazil, of which she was a native.

Ere Imilda de Ribelass deserted her state-room for our social circle, I had, by unsparring exercise of Yankee interrogatory, learned that she was the only daughter of an algaüzil, the richest resident in the Minas Geraes, or diamond region of Brazil, and thither bound, to become the bride of a wealthy noble, to whom her sire had betrothed her in early childhood, and who was now verging on his dotage.

"By Jove, it's shameful, Frank!" said my

[ORIGINAL.]

THE DIAMOND MINES:

—OR,—

WILFRED HARPER'S LAST LOVE ADVENTURE.

A TALE OF THE BRAZILS IN 1840.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES F. ALCORN.

OUR hero was a rare genius. A sincere admirer of the ladies, he was seldom in love with less than a dozen at once, to which fact he doubtless owed his protracted freedom from the yoke matrimonial. But just prior to his last departure from the Trimount city, the number had dwindled down to three, one of whom was the only daughter of our owner, and a very beautiful girl, enjoying the fairest prospect of any for the berth of captain's wife and principal major-domo on the return of the barque. It was considered settled by all parties, and so certain by the maiden that she presented her lips with the greatest *ungratified* imaginable while parting with

worthy superior one evening soon after that divinity had recovered from her illness. "Miss De Ribelass and I have had a confidential chat this afternoon, and she informed me she's to be married—"

"To a gray-beard," said I, interrupting.

"That's old news."

"Who told you?"

"That charming little maid of hers."

"And you kept the secret?"

"Who should I tell it to?"

"Me, of course."

"O, you're taken in and done for. How could it interest you?"

"But it does, and so much that hang me if I don't attempt to balk their game."

"You?"

"Ay, why not?"

"But—but you can't marry the lady."

"Who said anything about marrying, you blunder-head? Does it follow that she must have a husband?"

"I should suppose that a husband only could step between her and a parent's purpose."

"By Jove, you're right! Didn't think of that when I pledged my word to aid her through. But I can't back out now, nor hang me if I want to."

Nor did he. From that evening he and the lady appeared to be on the most social terms, while her presence rendered our little barque a perfect paradise, despite the frowns of her ancient duenna, and the chilling reserve of the padre, on whom my whole stock of cigars and studied politeness were lavished in vain.

Ere many days elapsed I became fully convinced that Captain Harper was immersed in another love affair, and that the fair daughter of his owner was fast losing her hold on his affections; so observing him unusually gallant towards the fair senorita, one evening, I seized upon the earliest opportunity after the lady had retired, to remind him of Miss Herbert's existence.

"O, hang Miss Herbert!" was his curt and ungallant response. "What man do you suppose would consent to wed her, after enjoying the society of such a peerless creature as the Senorita Imilda? I tell you what, Frank, I've been in love, or believed I was, a score of times; but there, all my love adventures have been but tame flirtations, all my fancied love but simple admiration, compared with the emotion which thrills my soul at the touch or tone of this gentle creature. Love is too tame a word. By heaven I adore her!"

Remonstrance was vain. He was fairly

caught, and evinced the fact by his negligence to improve our frequent opportunities to make good runs, and his prohibition of any extra exertion on my part, and the result was, a fifty-four days' passage to Cape Fria, which we might have made in thirty with all ease.

But we were in Rio at last, where our passengers bade us *addio*, tears glistening in the beautiful Imilda's eyes, and trembling on their long silken lashes as I handed her to the boat, while her faint "*Addio, Senor Pilota*," evinced with what dire foreboding she bade farewell to the scene of her brief, yet protracted happiness.

"Senor Capataneo will remember," was her parting salutation to my superior.

"Do you doubt it? Be assured, senora, you shall be convinced that the promise made by a Yankee tar is sacred, if it costs me my life."

"Senor Captain must be careful of his health," said the padre, with a meaning smile. "Over-exertion proves singularly fatal to foreigners in the climate of Brazil."

The covert threat was lost on the ear intended for, however, or if not lost, elicited no response from Captain Harper, who bowed his adieu to the speaker, and turned away as the boat shoved off, to seek the taffrail, from which he observed their progress, nor left until the boat was beached, and its cargo landed.

The barque's cabin was a paradise no longer. Its late occupant had borne with her all the sunshine, and Captain Harper soon followed, returning only when our hold was free of cargo, to say we should have to lay for return freight.

"How long, sir?"

"An age, I hope, unless I can discover the retreat of our late passenger."

"Then you have lost her?"

"All trace of her."

"And her father?"

"Is only too easily found. Confound his sombre picture, I meet him at every turn, with that padre playing pilot-fish."

"You are subject to espionage, then?"

"Yes, and the most vigilant, I am fully convinced. But wait, I'm at leisure, now."

"Have a care, captain. If the senora's sire, or ancient—"

"There, spare me a fit of the blues, if you can't aid me. I'll have the lady, in spite of sire or ghostly guardian, if it costs me—"

"What?"

"Anything—all I'm worth. Order my boat. I'm off, and you can find amusement in taking the best possible care of yourself and the barkie, till I return, or you hear from me."

'Twas useless to remonstrate, and I witnessed

his departure with dire forebodings, proceeding to render myself as miserable as I could well be in way of amusement. Three days passed, when I ventured to his hotel to seek tidings.

"Senor captañeo" had left a few hours previous, leaving a note for me which the lazy clerk had neglected to forward. It was short and unsatisfactory.

"Café de Angleterre, Rio."

"DEAR FRANK:—I'm on the trail, and bound to follow it. Expect to hear from me when successful. Yours in haste,

"WILFRED HARPER."

"TO FRANK A——"

A week elapsed, and I had become seriously alarmed at my superior's protracted absence and silence, when I was startled from a table reverie one evening, after tea, by the announcement of a boat alongside, with a person to see me. I hurried to the gangway, and demanded the visitor's name, and nature of the visit.

"Let me come up, please, Senor Pilota, and I will tell you," said a soft voice in a strong Spanish accent.

"Hop up, then, my lad, whoever you are."

And obedient to the unceremonious invitation, a youth, apparently about fifteen, clambered up the side ladder, betraying so much and strange awkwardness that I extended my hand to aid him, saying:

"You aint much of a sailor, any way, my lad. Wonder ye ventured afloat. This way." And leading to the cabin, I turned to direct him to a seat, and he startled beyond expression as I recognized the expressive eyes and classical features of Imilda de Ribelass, under the jaunty hat and plume of a gay young cavalier.

"For Heaven's sake, sen—"

"Hist, for the love of Heaven! Where is Captain Harper?"

"Gone on a wild-geese chase after you. Have you not seen him?"

"Mio Dios! When?"

"A week since."

"Whither?"

I placed his note in her hand.

"Gracia a Dios! and I accused him of forgetfulness!" she exclaimed, on glancing over its contents.

For a moment she pressed her hand upon her brow as if in deep thought, when with a wild start she electrified me by exclaiming:

"Santissima Maria! they have kidnapped him!"

"Who?" I demanded, in an agony of dread.

"Not Captain Harper?"

"Si, Senor! Mio Captañeo! Santa Iago! They have sent him to the mines!" And reel-

ing to the table, she leaned thereon, venting her anguish in a thrilling wail, while I sank almost powerless into a seat, echoing:

"To the mines! Who, in the name of all that's sacred, could send him there, senora?"

"Don Carlos de Soto."

I was on my feet in an instant, when I gathered from her hurried recital that she had heard her sire and lover plotting the abduction of some person or persons they detested, and soon after overheard them exulting over their success.

"'Twas he; I know it was, senor! I might have known it sooner. Padre Luca's meaning smile and glance might have convinced me of the removal of the last barrier to my fate."

The lady's manner became speedily calm. "Tis no time for tears," she said. "Those who enter the Minas Geraes seldom leave it alive. Our united fates hang upon a thread. His love for me hath placed him there; mine shall rescue him, or— Will you aid me, senor, he was your friend?"

"To the death, senora; but tell me how?"

"Not yet, I must think. These boatmen wait. How can we deceive them into a belief that I have left the vessel?"

"How? You would remain?"

"Si, senor, 'tis the safest asylum I can find, and my maid Inez will be on the beach within an hour. Can you not send a boat for her?"

"With pleasure, senora; but you desire these boatmen to be deceived, and to effect it I must have your apparel."

"Si, I understand."

And passing into her former apartment she soon placed her disguise in my possession, when, calling a boy aft, I rigged him in the borrowed finery, and instructing him to be as dumb as the mainmast until our boat should land, sent him to personify the gay young cavalier, which feat he performed to perfection. An hour later he returned in our own boat, bringing off the maid Inez, who informed us that the flight of her mistress had been discovered, and had created the wildest excitement at the villa, and in its vicinity. Mounted servants were being sent in every direction, she said, and Don Carlos had hastened to the palace to implore the assistance of his monarch.

"Then I must fly again," gasped the lady.

"Why so, senora? You are as safe beneath the stars and stripes as you could be in your mother's arms."

"The emperor would tear me thence," she said, "nor would he respect the flag of the northern union unless awed by a superior force. Ah, senor, you know not the despot."



Mr. Wallace called to me from the maindeck at this moment, and hastening to him, I found a state barge pulling towards the ship. I had barely time to warn the disguised girl, and conduct her with her maid to the captain's private state-room, when the barge hailed and was answered by Mr. Wallace, and hurrying on deck I gained the gangway in time to receive the officer in command.

"*Senor Pilota*?" he demanded.

"*Si, senor.*"

He addressed a few words in Spanish to a person in the boat, who responded by mounting the side, when he introduced him as Don Carlos de Soto.

"Who have you aboard the vessel, *senor*?" demanded the latter.

"Her crew, your excellenza."

"No lady visitors?"

"Lady visitors?" I echoed, affecting surprise.

"*Si.*"

"Excuse me, *senor*, I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not. When did you see the *Senora de Ribellaz*?"

"When she disembarked, *senor.*"

"'Tis false!" he roared. "She is on board now."

"The *senor* may search if he will not believe," I responded, with well-affected indignation.

"Will you swear she was not here to-night?"

"I have nothing to say, *senor*. You must seek information from those you can believe," was the answer.

"Stay, you are too hasty, your excellenza," interposed the officer. "*Senor Pilota*, have you had any visitors from the shore this evening?"

"*Si, senor.*"

"Who were they?"

"A strange cavalier, and the boatmen who brought him."

"Did he make known his business?"

"*Si*, he desired to see Captain Harper."

"Describe this cavalier."

I obeyed, when the don exclaimed, "*Santa Maria*, it was she!"

"Was she informed of—" demanded the officer. "No, no, where is he now?"

But I paid no attention to the question until repeated by the officer, when I replied:

"The *senor* must inquire of the boatmen who conveyed him to and from the vessel."

"When did you see your captain?"

"Ten days since. Why, *senor*?"

"O, I merely asked for information. Where is he now?"

"You've asked too much, *senor*. I would

give a handsome sum for a solution to that question myself."

"Humph! Did he not say whither he was going?"

"No, nor can I surmise a reason for his absence from Rio."

"How do you know that he is absent?"

"I was so informed at the *Cafe de Angleterre.*"

"All correct, and I am convinced, your excellenza," said he to the old don. "I await your orders."

"Search the vessel."

"You hear, *Senor Pilota*. Please lead the way."

I obeyed with seeming alacrity, leading them direct to the cabin, and throwing open all the state-rooms save the captain's, at which he paused, demanding why I passed it.

I explained that Captain Harper had the key; but forgot to state that I possessed a duplicate which was even then inside the state-room.

"She is not there, then. Is your excellenza satisfied?"

The ancient don muttered some half-inaudible reply, which I translated a negative, and hastened to suggest:

"Perhaps his excellenza would like to search the hold?"

He viewed me with a withering frown for a moment, and then repaired to the maindeck, followed by his companion, with whom he held a brief conference, when the latter approaching me with a smile, said:

"I am sorry, *Senor Pilota*, but at his excellenza's command I warn you to remain where you are now anchored until notified of the royal permission to move your vessel or leave the port. The slightest disregard of this order will subject you to the combined cannonade of those forts and yonder frigate."

"Why, *senor*, is not the American republic at peace with Brazil?"

"It is his excellenza's orders, *senor*," was his evasive response, as he bowed and prepared to follow the old don, who was descending the side.

"What's to be done now, *senorita*?" I demanded, on entering the cabin, when assured that the barge had left us.

"Effect the release of Captain Harper?" was her positive reply.

"But how?"

"I have no time to explain, *senor*. You will aid me?"

"To the extent of my ability."

"Then order a boat at once, we have no time to lose."